

# The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XI.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1878.

NO. 18

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

**Hardware,  
STOVES,  
TIN-WARE,**

Agricultural Implements,

AT

LINDLEY & KEMP'S

Middletown Stove

AND

Hardware House,

Middletown, Delaware.

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March 16, 1878.

Select Poetry.

THROUGH A WINDOW.

I lie here at rest in my chamber,  
And look through the window again,  
With eyes that are changed since the old time,  
And the sting of an exquisite pain.

'Tis not much that I see for a picture,  
Through the pane that is green with spring,  
A barn with its roof gray and mossy,  
And above it a bird on the wing;

Or, lifting my head a thought higher,  
Some hills and a village I know,  
And over it all the blue heaven,  
With a white cloud floating below.

Ah! once the roof was a prison,  
My mind and the sky were free,  
My thoughts with the birds went flying,  
And my hopes were a heaven to me.

Now I come from the limitless distance  
Where I followed my youth's wild will,  
Where they press the wing of delusion  
That you drink and are thirsty still;

And I know why the bird with the spring-time  
To the garbled old tree comes back—  
He has tried the South and the summer,  
He has felt what the sweet things lack.

So I come with a sad contentment,  
With eyes that are changed I see;  
The roof means peace, not a prison,  
And Heaven smiles down on me.

—L. C. Moulton.

Select Story.

RUTHIE'S TRAMP.

BY CAROLLOTTA PERRY.

He was hungry. That is not an alarming condition when one is in easy reach of a restaurant, or the home table. But hungry, cold, and not over clean, in a little Wisconsin settlement, with not a cent in one's pocket, is to any one but your professional tramp, an embarrassing position to be in.

It was in just that position that Tom Hamilton found himself, one summer morning, in the year of our Lord 1877. He, with three or four others, had been spending a couple of weeks among the famous trout streams of Wisconsin. He had walked incredible distances; had ridden in excruciating wagons over diabolical roads—or no roads at all; had made friends with two noble red men, who served them as guides in the ways that were dark to their city-trained eyes, and whose admiration they won by their skill in catching the sparkled beauties, and by their appreciation of Indian cookery. Our tourist had found these companions quite worth cultivating. They were learned in all wood and water craft, and wore solemn, mysterious expressions, as though they had promised nature not to betray any of her secrets. They were strong, not lazier than their white brothers, did not drink, told the truth, when not too great an inconvenience, and would have been fair sort of Christians but for their heretical views on the subject of cleanliness, and their firmly-grounded objections to the use of comb and brush. At last these pleasure-seekers separated. They had worked harder, and endured more in their search for rest and pleasure, than they had ever done; but they had had a splendid time.

Tom's vacation had not quite ended, so he was to remain a little longer. They tried to persuade him to go; but he said:

"No, boys; let me stay as long as I can with my original mother and my aboriginal brother; why, there is such freedom in these solitudes, no conventionalities to fetter me, no pie to haunt my dreams."

Jim Hunt suggested that mosquito-anter every purpose, but Tom was in too ecstatic a frame of mind to hear.

But a succession of misfortunes befell Tom. First, John, who had promised faithfully to be his companion for another week, suddenly changed his mind.

A red brother had notified him of another party who wanted a guide, and he showed his business talent by performing the work that had the most money in it. This he denied, however, said he was "much tired;" but as he ate well, and looked capable of tearing the very trees up by their roots, Tom had grave doubts as to his weariness; but he repeated the statement with a face so solemn, and an accent so impressive, that Tom believed, knowing all the time he lied.

The next day he discovered that he had lost his purse. He had had it out of his pocket when he "settled" with John, though he remembered putting it back; but it was gone.

Then he had lost his own hat one day in going over the rapids, and had borrowed one of Jim Hunt's. As it was several sizes too small for him, it gave the sun a great advantage, which it had improved. His coat was demoralized; his boots had lost the shine that distinguished them on State street.

What few effects he had brought with him were either in the hands of the rest of the party, for they had taken charge of the luggage, or in the hands of his aboriginal brother.

All would have been well, or endurable, but for the loss of his purse. But he had learned that the appreciation of money is a wide-spread characteristic, being often in curious ratio to its possession, and had no idea there would be any special exception made in his favor.

That morning of which I speak, his cogitations were something in this wise: "Well, Tom Hamilton, this is a rather interesting state of things. Twenty miles from a railroad station; no money, no clean clothes, no anything."

"It looks like quite a little trip to take on foot. Walking from necessity is a different thing from walking for fun, and when I get to the station, I shall probably find that the Railroad companies have a habit of charging for a ride; in fact, I don't know but a man is as well off in the Wisconsin woods without money, as anywhere."

"I do charge you, Tom Hamilton, with being a tramp, that's what you are, and now be true to your character, sir, and make a successful tramp. Perhaps, however, you had better take an account of stock; in other words, see what your resources are."

"First: Two soiled handkerchiefs, evidence of former respectability; a bit of rhyming composed and sung by the camp-fire; evidence of extraordinary mental power. No one could read it without pronouncing it a remarkable production. Shakespeare wrote nothing like it. A photograph of cousin Bessie, showing that I have known the refining influence of female friendship—don't know what that does show; haven't made up my mind. A couple of cigars, Blessed be Raleigh! and oh, Lucifer! an empty match-box. These are my possessions this a. m. Now here is a little hamlet, where I ought, according to poetic tradition, to find every latch-string out, and every man ready to clasp me in his arms, and call me brother, ready to share the last crust of bread, and the last cup of coffee with me. But I greatly doubt if I find any such thing. I am a disreputable looking creature, but I deny that the apparel precludes the man in me."

Tom recognized a little after the fashion of a thoroughbred tramp. One woman offered to give him his breakfast in return for an hour's devotion to her wood-pile, but he fully intended to be consistent, and so he declined her offer.

He noticed a large, pleasant-looking, brown farm-house, set well back from the road. The lawn in front was smooth as a floor. He noticed a flower-bed in the distance, gay with bloom. He saw the hanging baskets in the porch, and he looked upon the place as critically as though he had meditated purchasing instead of asking for a breakfast.

"This looks inviting. This house has a fine expression, for houses have expressions as well as their inmates, and there is a young lady swinging in that hammock. I know she is young, because she has on a light blue dress, and any one not young ought to know better than to wear light blue. She also has fair hair, and blue or gray eyes."

"This is a somewhat ridiculous way for a hungry man and a temporary beggar to reason, but shows that my exposures and privations have not impaired my powerful intellect."

He tried his fate at the kitchen door.

"Sure now, it's hungry you are, and it's something to ate ye're wanting."

"If you please."

"Then I'll be asking the mistress."

"Can't you give me something without?"

"Ave coorse I could, young man, but it's Norah O'Flaherty that obeys orders."

"Certainly, Norah, give him something," he heard a very sweet voice say in answer to Norah's inquiry.

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Oh, Miss Ruth! he's a wicked looking chap, wid the blackest eyes I ever see in a living creature's head, and he just takes in everything at a glance. I'm afraid he's a thafe, Miss Ruth."

"Did you leave him alone?"

"Not I. Maggie is there, and she'll kape her two eyes on him."

"Go and give him something to eat, and I'll come out and look at him. But watch him well."

In a minute or two more, Tom was sitting on the back porch, eating a bowl of bread and milk, and blackberries. Norah had given him a seat at the kitchen table, and had set forth other food, but he had taken his pastoral dish, and retired to the porch.

"He may be a decent fellow after all," Norah soliloquized.

Pretty soon he saw approaching him as fair a vision as had greeted his eyes for many a day. It soon materialized into a dainty little lady, apparently about nineteen, with a cloud of light brown hair, large, hazel eyes, and a sweet, but resolute-looking little mouth. She wore a light blue morning-dress, had a rose at her throat, and carried a book in her hand. It was that charming little story, "One Summer."

Tom spilled the milk he was carrying to his mouth, adding greatly to his discomfort, but not at all to his beauty. Milk doesn't enhance the beauty of black mustaches and whiskers.

The lady took a seat in a chair a

little distance; gave him a quick glance, in which there was sympathy and distrust mingled, the sympathy predominating, and said, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, madam!"

"Have you walked far?"

"Quite a distance."

"You look tired."

No response. Tom thought if that was the worst thing that could be said of his looks he would be thankful.

"Are you looking for work?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered boldly.

"Do you understand farm work?"

"Some kinds."

"My father is in need of help. He is away from home for a few hours, but if you are inclined to wait till he returns, I think he would give you something to do; but, perhaps you were going somewhere in particular."

"No, madam, I was not, and I will be glad to wait."

The truth was Tom had fallen straight in love with the blue-robed maiden, and enjoyed the sensation; and though at that moment he would have given half a year's income for a change of raiment, he still felt grateful to the fate that had led, or misled, him to this spot. After he had finished his breakfast, he told Ruth that there was any little piece of work he could do till her father's return, he was ready to undertake it.

Ruth didn't know; she thought there must be something, but she didn't just know what.

She tried to be very dignified and very business-like, and failed completely. Finally she said that if he understood using the lawn-mower, he might employ himself in that way for a while. "Papa is very particular about the lawn," she said. He could easily believe it, for it was already as smooth as a carpet; but he began his work somewhat cautiously, it must be confessed.

Ruth came out and gave some little directions. The wind blew her flossy hair about her face in most bewildering fashion, and heightened the color in her cheeks to actual rosiness. The sight of such loveliness under Tom's heart beating tumultuously under his not over-clean shirt.

The little adventure was beginning to assume an embarrassing character; he wanted to be "himself again." Having assumed a false position, he found it difficult to extricate himself.

"This is rather comical, Tom," he said to himself; "here is a croquet ground, and you are a skillful player; here is a lively young lady, and you have been known to be agreeable to lively young ladies. Here are all the facilities for a summer idyl, and yet—"

and yet—The man who casts off his real character, and assumes a higher, has some excuse; there is the element of ambition in his deception; but the man who voluntarily assumes his birthright, for the fun of the thing, is a great idiot, and you are that man, Tom Hamilton. Next time you masquerade, be a Polish count."

Then he heard the piano.

"Ah!" he groaned, "that will be harder to bear than all the rest, though probably she will play 'The Mocking Bird,' or 'The Maiden's Prayer.' I've noticed that those who stand prominently in a good many young ladies' repertoires, and though, of course, I dote on them both, I could exist and never hear them again. I will forgive her for playing them, however, if she will not sing 'Silver threads among the Gold.'"

"I wish you would come here a moment."

Tom walked slowly towards her.

"I wish you would whistle that passage again, where I failed, you remember. I haven't the music. I tried to play it from memory," she half exclaimed. "And you whistle it with wonderful accuracy, and wonderful expression, too."

Tom colored with pleasure, through the mosquito blotches that adorned his face.

He raised his hat and said, "I will stand outside, and accompany you; or, if you will grant me the pleasure, I will play it for you."

Miss Ruth lifted her hands with astonishment, and replied, "I have seen some curious people in my life, but I don't know as I ever saw a—a—a tramp who understood opera music. No! certainly not in this region of the country."

"Miss Ruth," Tom said, "you know the poet says, 'things are not what they seem.' I am a living illustration of the truth of that statement. I am not what I seem, but I don't know as I can prove that to you. However, such credentials as I have I lay at your feet," and Tom solemnly took from his pocket his two soiled handkerchiefs, the picture of his cousin Bessie, his copy of Tennyson, the two cigars, and the empty match-box, and also the fragment of rhyming.

"My name is Thomas de Quincy Hamilton. I live and practice law in Chicago, as did my father before me. I have wandered like a lost sheep for a day and a night in the woods near here, in consequence of an injudicious love of nature, and an unwise reliance upon the red man's word."

He handed her the copy of Tennyson and the picture. She glanced at the first, saw the name written in it, laid it down; but when she looked at the photograph, she cried out, "Bessie Granger!" and with the impulsiveness of a girl of eighteen carried the picture to her lips, and gave it a kiss, that made Tom wish himself a small piece of pasteboard for a moment.

"Why this is the picture of Bessie, my old room-mate at Vassar, and you must be her cousin Tom, of whom I've heard her talk by the hour together."

"Your penetration does you credit. I am that same cousin Tom."

Ruth held out her hands to him, and said, "To think that I should have given Bessie's cousin his breakfast on the back porch, and bid the servants keep an eye on him; it's too comical!" and they both laughed heartily, which helped sweep away the last trace of embarrassment and formality.

When Ruth's father, Mr. Williston, came home an hour later, he was astonished beyond measure, to find his daughter sitting on the piazza, reading aloud to a demoralized looking youth, who sat at a respectable distance, in an easy chair. His first thought was that Ruth had found some one on whom to experiment in a philanthropic way. She was probably trying to sew good seed in very poor ground; but he was soon disabused of that idea, as their merry laughter and chat reached his ears. He was not long in making investigations, which were, as we can understand, perfectly satisfactory.

Tom told his story; Ruth supplemented it with an account of her suspicions, and Norah's watchfulness.

He said, "Since I am again within the pale of good society, I find the demands of an 'effete civilization' strong upon me. I can think of nothing that would go so far to reanimate me in my own good opinion as a bath."

Mr. Williston escorted him to his son's room, and placed it, and its belongings, including the son's wardrobe, at Tom's disposal.

So the young man, who ate his blackberries and milk on the back porch in the morning, sat, clothed in his right mind, at a pleasant tea-table that evening, and discussed music, and art, and fishing with the young lady, who had feared for the very spoon he ate his breakfast with. I said "in his right mind." I am not quite sure as to that; but whatever his mental condition was, he found it a most delightful one; as he did not stop to analyze it, we will not.

He accepted Mr. Williston's invitation to spend a few days with them. "For truly," said his host, "you are the most delightful tramp we ever entertained; your going astray has brought us a great pleasure. I am here myself partly from one of the causes you have suffered from, excess of confidence in mankind. But after all, we find this a very pleasant summer home."

"I had wondered," said Tom, "how it came about that you should choose to live here. But my wonder has been absorbed by gratitude that you did, be the cause what it might."

There followed three delightful days; days filled with music, and mirth, and "converse sweet," days golden with heart-sunshine, radiant with budding hopes; days love-crowned and glorious.

Tom rode away with the copy of

"One Summer" in his pocket, (Harry Williston's pocket by the way,) and the bliss of a hundred summers in his heart, for the little Ruthie had heard his last request as graciously as she did the first, and we are all invited to the wedding, to take place about Christmas.

I trust this will not develop in young ladies a sentimental consideration for the genus tramp. This sort of thing might not happen once in a thousand times.—Peterson's Magazine for May.

A Poor Town for Business.

He was a red-nosed, wild-eyed man from the head waters of Sage Run, and looked as if he had not been in town since oil was discovered. His rusty pants were several inches too short for him, and he carried half a dozen coon skins in his hand.

At the post-office corner he met a South Side lady, and stopping her by holding the bunch of hides before her face, said:

"Can't I sell you something nice to make a set of furs out of?"

The lady screamed, and shot across to the other side of the street.

"Does any of your neighbors want to buy anything of the kind?" yelled the red-nosed man.

The lady screamed again.

"Now, what's the matter with Hanner?" remarked the red-nosed man, as the lady disappeared in a door opposite.

A moment later the man veered in to a bank, and threw his hides down at the cashier's window.

"Got some A. No. 1 coon skins here that I'll sell cheap. Not a scratch of tooth on any of 'em. Ketched every one of 'em in a box trap."

"We have no use for them," said the President, politely, as he cast an oblique glance at the goods.

"They'll make you a nice vest," said the red-nosed man. Two hides 'll make you a vest, and one'll make you a cap that'll wear you as long as you live."

"My dear sir," replied the President, somewhat confused, "we don't want hides here. Take them elsewhere, please."

"Mebbe your wife would like a set of furs, and these is—"

"No, no, no," replied the banker, impatiently; "take the things away, they are offensive."

"What's that?" said the red-nosed man, sharply.

"Take the blamed things out of this!" exclaimed the exasperated banker; "they smell like a slaughter house."

"I'll take a dollar for the lot."

"The people next door buy coon skins," put in the cashier; "take them in there; take them up town; take them down town; take them across the river; take them—"

"Gimme fifty cents for the lot," persisted the red-nosed man.

"If you don't get out of this I'll kick your head off!" yelled the infuriated President.

"We Two.

When you and I are asleep, my love,  
Under the carved stone;  
Who will there be left to weep, my love,  
Of all that we have known?  
But the hawk will sing as clear and free,  
As he springs from his nest in the alder tree,  
And the robin carol his heart's desire  
Above us in the red-rose briar.

Though your voice is low and weak, my dear,  
There is love-light in your eye!  
Tho' the roses fade from your cheek, my dear,  
Love's roses never die!  
But it's oh for the long and lasting sleep  
Where the wild-wood honeysuckles creep!  
Under the violet lie,  
And let the weary world go by.

—H. S. Cornell.

Our Ohio.

The Great Kansas Tornado.

[Emporia News, April 15th.]

For twenty-one years Lyon county has stood the storms, the wars, the drouths, the grasshoppers, and all the calamities that Providence has sent upon us, but until Sunday luckily escaped the tornadoes which have visited every section of the State; but the fates seemed to have reserved their furies for the one storm which wrought such devastation on that day.

The tornado first attracted attention here about 4:30 p. m., when general apprehension was excited by the threatening appearance of the sky, especially in the southwest, where a gigantic, greenish colored cloud massed up, swelling and writhing, and steadily increasing in bulk and apparent solidity until it looked like an immense avalanche ready to overwhelm the earth beneath.

To the east and north of this terrible cloud the sky was comparatively clear, the clouds there seeming to go northwest, from whence rolled, along and across the western horizon, a continuous volume of cloud which entered into and was absorbed by the growing mass in the southwest, until it seemed as if everything in the sky above us was being whirled toward and sucked into that gloomy monster.

This impressive atmospheric display went on for about fifteen minutes, when a tremendous though distant roar began to be heard, approaching nearer every moment, and a heavy dash of wind and rain came from the south. The storm had reached us, the rain shutting out further view of the sky. This first wind and rain almost instantly swung round and came from the east, and lasted about three minutes, when a perfect lull of about two minutes ensued. This lull was suddenly broken by a blast of wind, rain and very heavy hail from the north-west and north. This was the storm, in all its strength, and it raged with terrific fury for a full half hour before it abated in the least, and then kept up a very heavy rain for another half hour, the latter part coming from east and south.

It was truly a terrible storm, even to those whose houses stood without injury—while to those whose houses were blown to pieces, exposing them to the full force of the raging elements, the experience of that hour can never be forgotten. The rain was the heaviest our oldest settlers have known—coming down like a cataract, and flooding the ground inches deep in a few minutes. It penetrated roofs and joints heretofore proof in all storms, and as the heavy hail dashed in windows to the north, the water deluged rooms in a few moments. The hailstones were immense in size and the wind hurled them with tremendous force—most all glass in northern windows, unprotected by blinds, being shattered.

Many of the hailstones that fell south of the Cottonwood, where the tornado was more severe than in the city, are said to have been as large as goose eggs, knocking holes through shingles and siding large enough to put one's fist through. The sufferings of the numerous families whose houses were so suddenly blown to pieces, leaving their inmates, men, women and children, entirely unprotected from the pelting of this enormous hail as well as the flood of water and the force of wind that threw them from their feet to the sodden earth, can be imagined when we remember that a storm kept up its full fury for more than half an hour. The houses destroyed were generally lifted up in the air, carried a number of feet and then dashed roof or side first to the ground, shattering them entirely to pieces, scattering timbers and boards for hundreds of feet and in some cases for more than half a mile, and of course destroying all the furniture and other property within them. On Phenix and Dry creeks, and along the south bank of the Cottonwood, between these creeks, very large trees were torn and twisted to pieces, and the prairie is covered with fragments of houses, and nothing seemed capable of withstanding its awful power only the fences. The gale was simply terrible; wonder is that so few people were killed by the falling of their dwellings, or that those who were exposed to the hail were not beaten senseless to the earth.

How women and children lived, as many did, through this fearful hour, with nothing to shield them from the hail, is unaccountable. Two children were, in fact, killed in this way.

Orchards on Phenix and Dry creeks were badly injured, the trees not torn down being denuded of blossoms. Fall wheat was badly broken and driven into the ground, and will be much injured.

The path of the tornado, where it was strong enough to destroy houses, was not very wide. It began, so far as we now know, in Chase county, and then appears to have lifted into the air and struck the earth again at Jacobs' creek, in this county, and kept on going east until it reached Mr. Ross' house, about three miles east of Emporia. It then again rose from the earth, and may have come down again or may not, at some point further east. The width of the tract upon which buildings were destroyed is about six miles, reaching from the northern limits of Emporia to about four miles south of the Cottonwood. The storm was more extensive than this, but not in its destructive power.

Evenings at the White House.

The President and family receive informally in the evening, sometimes in the Red Room and sometimes in the Library. These visits, however, are only made by intimate personal friends, or by those warranted through their acquaintance to call in a social manner. The evenings in the Library are very charming. Brilliant and cultivated men and women gather in little knots in different parts of the spacious and cheerful apartment, and wit sparkles and anecdote enlivens conversation. The President frequently disappears; he has a private library, where he retires when any gentleman present wishes to speak with him on matters of policy or politics; but he soon returns, to all appearances as unruffled as if the great sea of public opinion had settled into a perfect calm. Mrs. Hayes entertains her visitors in an easy, courteous,



